Chapter 282: The Gathering Storm

The multiverse had grown quiet in the aftermath of Sung Jin-Woo's overwhelming display of power. The destruction of the Abyssal Conclave and their fortress served as a chilling reminder to all that the Divine Triad's authority was absolute. Sung Jin-Woo's mere clone, wielding 0.0000000000000001% of his power, had wiped out an entire alliance of godly entities in moments.

But the silence that followed was not one of peace.

Far beyond the borders of the Absolute Realm, in the darkest recesses of existence, whispers of defiance began to stir once more. These whispers carried the voices of beings older than the multiverse itself, entities that had long slumbered in the void, waiting for the right moment to awaken.

They were called the Primordial Pantheon, beings who had existed before the concept of time and space. Unlike the Abyssal Conclave, these entities did not simply command power—they were power. Their essence wove the very fabric of reality, and their awakening would spell disaster for the multiverse if left unchecked.

The Awakening of the Primordials

Deep within the Abyss of Eternity, a realm hidden beyond the reach of even the Divine Triad, a colossal figure stirred. Its body was a living cosmos, stars and galaxies swirling within its translucent form. This was Nyxtharion, the Primordial God of Chaos, the first of the Pantheon to awaken.

"The God of Shadows has grown arrogant," Nyxtharion rumbled, his voice a cascade of collapsing galaxies. "He dares to impose his will upon the multiverse, as if it were his to command."

Around him, other figures began to materialize, each radiating an aura that dwarfed entire universes. There was Erythnys, the Primordial Goddess of Despair, whose very presence caused realms to wither and decay. Beside her stood Krythos, the Primordial God of Boundless Hunger, a being whose insatiable appetite had consumed countless realities in ages past.

One by one, the Pantheon gathered, their forms towering and incomprehensible. They had watched silently as the Divine Triad rose to power, biding their time. Now, with the Abyssal Conclave's failure, they saw their opportunity.

"It is time we remind these so-called gods of their place," Erythnys hissed, her voice like a venomous wind. "Let us descend upon their realms and show them the true meaning of despair."

Krythos grinned, his maw stretching impossibly wide. "I will savor the taste of their creations—their realms, their troops, their very essence. All will be devoured."

Nyxtharion raised a hand, silencing the others. “We must be strategic. The God of Shadows is powerful, as are his companions in the Divine Triad. But even they have limits. We will exploit their weaknesses and strike where they least expect.”

The Pantheon’s decision was unanimous. The time of their reawakening had come, and their first target would be the Absolute Realm itself.

The Warning

In the Absolute Realm, Sung Jin-Woo sat upon his towering throne in the Umbra Citadel, his twelve wings casting an immense shadow across the chamber. Around him, the other members of the Divine Triad—Ashborn and Sung Su-Ho—stood in quiet contemplation.

A sudden ripple of energy coursed through the realm, like a warning bell tolling in the distance. Sung Jin-Woo’s eyes narrowed as he felt the disturbance. It was subtle, almost imperceptible, but to someone of his power, it was unmistakable.

“Ashborn,” Sung Jin-Woo said, his voice calm but firm. “Do you feel it?”

Ashborn nodded, his ten celestial wings flaring slightly. “Yes. A presence… no, several presences. Old, powerful, and angry.”

Sung Su-Ho, standing beside his father, clenched his fists. “Who are they?”

Sung Jin-Woo closed his eyes, reaching out with his omniscience. Through the infinite threads of reality, he traced the disturbance back to its source. His vision pierced the veils of existence, and for a brief moment, he saw them: the Primordial Pantheon.

“They are the First,” Sung Jin-Woo said, opening his eyes. “The Primordials. Beings who existed before the multiverse, before even the Absolute Being. They have awakened, and they are coming for us.”

Preparations for War

The Divine Triad wasted no time. Sung Jin-Woo issued a decree across the Absolute Realm, summoning all of their forces. From the Apostles of God to the centillions of materialized shadow soldiers, every troop prepared for the coming conflict.

The twelve castles of the Divine Beings buzzed with activity. In the Inferna Draconis, Sung Ye-Jun rallied his fiery dragonkin, their roars shaking the skies. In the Lunaris Citadel, Sung Ye-Rin gathered her Shadowkins, their dark forms gliding silently into position.

Even the clones of the Divine Triad, scattered across the multiverse, were recalled. Each clone, despite holding only a fraction of their original’s power, was still a force to be reckoned with. They would serve as scouts and vanguards, probing the enemy’s strength before the full might of the Divine Triad was unleashed.

The Arrival

The Primordial Pantheon did not keep them waiting.

From the edge of the multiverse, a great darkness spread, consuming everything in its path. It was not a void but an anti-existence, a realm where reality itself ceased to function. Within this darkness, the towering forms of the Primordials marched forward, their mere presence warping space and time.

Nyxtharion led the charge, his cosmic form shimmering with chaotic energy. Erythnys followed close behind, her aura of despair seeping into the Absolute Realm, causing cracks to form in its once-impenetrable defenses.

Sung Jin-Woo stood at the forefront of the Divine Triad's forces, his towering form radiating power. Behind him, Ashborn and Sung Su-Ho prepared their own auras, ready to strike.

"This will not be an easy battle," Ashborn said, his voice calm but resolute.

Sung Jin-Woo smirked. "It never is. But we've faced impossible odds before. This time will be no different."

As the Primordial Pantheon crossed the threshold into the Absolute Realm, the stage was set for a battle that would shake the multiverse to its core.

The First Clash

Nyxtharion stepped forward, his chaotic energy clashing with Sung Jin-Woo's shadowy aura. The two forces collided, creating a shockwave that rippled across countless dimensions.

"God of Shadows," Nyxtharion boomed, his voice a chorus of destruction. "You will fall, as all false gods must."

Sung Jin-Woo's smirk widened. "You talk too much."

With a single motion, Sung Jin-Woo sent his clone forward, its form blazing with the power of 0.0000000000000001% of his strength. The clone's first attack shattered the space around Nyxtharion, forcing the Primordial God to defend.

The battle had begun, and the fate of the multiverse hung in the balance.